

The History of

Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most unsavory smiles, and art indeede the most comparative rascallest sweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I mark't him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, in the streete too.

*Prin.* Thou didst well: for wisdome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme unto me, *Hall*, God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better then one of the wicked: I must give over this life; and I will give it over. By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: I'll be damned for never a Kings son in Christendome.

*Prin.* Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

*Fals.* Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell me.

*Prin.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purse-taking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter *Poynes*.

*Poy.* Now shall we know if Gads-hill have set a match: O, if a man were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that ever cry'd, Stand to a true man.

*Prin.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Poy.* Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Monsieur Remorse*? What sayes sir *John Sacke* and *Sugar, Iacke*? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy soule, that thou soldest him on good Friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prin.* Sir *John* stands to his word, the Divell shall have his bargaine, for he was never a breaker of Proverbs: he will give the Divell his due.

*Poy.*

Henry the Fourth.

*Poines.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devill.

*Prince.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devill.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are pilgrimes going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fatpurses. I have vizards for you all, you have horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have bespoke supper to morrow night in *Eastcheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuffe your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

*Fals.* Hear ye, Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will, chops?

*Fals.* *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

*Prin.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I by my faith.

*Fals.* Ther's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou camest not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

*Prin.* Well, then once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

*Fals.* Why, thats well said.

*Prin.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou art King.

*Prin.* I care not.

*Poy.* Sir *John*, I prethee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go

*Fals.* Wel, God give thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be beleev'd, that the Prince, may (for recreation sake) prove a fals thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shall finde me in *Eastcheap*.

*Pri.* Farewell the latter spring, farewell Alhallow summer.

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jest to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

B

Prince